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NO. 1

RISWELL'S NEW SHAKSPEARE

[illegible]

By NUGENT ROBINSON.

DETERMINED TO GO.

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laughing with the hem of her pocket-handkerchief, she commenced:

"Joe, what sort of a girl is Beatrice Butler?"

"I started involuntarily. The question was so unexpected that it flung me, as it were, against the wall. Beatrice Butler to come up in my mind, my only child, my only daughter!"

"I mean is she very nice, very fascinating?"

"Very, very nice, and I am sure very fascinating."

"Has she fascinated—won't?" fixing her eyes on me with a sort of riveted gaze.

I answered quite readily.

"Has she?"

"She remained silent, her gaze still fixed upon me as if she would read my inmostest thoughts."

"I referred to her a good deal, Joe," she said at length.

"I suppose I did, senora."

"Young men of your age do not continue to be so much in the habit of asking me what girl lies very close to the heart."

"Do you mean am I in love with Trixy Butler?"

"Yes."

"But then, I am not. I candidly confess that when I left home, I was a little jealous about her, but that feeling has vanished, and I could place her little hand in mine as readily as I could the hand of a dragon offspring—without the slightest suspicion of a pang."

"Are you sure of this, Joe?"

"I am sure," I replied.

"That laugh tells me more than all your verbal answers. Joe, now for another question: Why has your jealousy died out?"

"Because—well—really—I don't know," I replied.

"I kicked my foot about, and wriggled, and felt awfully hot and flurried under the question as if my mind was silent."

"May I ask you another question, Joe?"

"As many as you like, senora; but this is a trifle lacking," I thought.

"I am sure, and I expect you to reply to it right up from your heart. Let the words come from your heart to your lips."

"I must confess that my heart beat hard up to the moment when you asked me that the senora was going to refer to Miss O'Shea, and I prepared to steal myself. I can't tell what I whispered this warning, but I am sure it was silent."

"What do you think of Inez?"

"Ah! where were the barriers I had so abundantly cherished? Where was the steel, the adamant, the iron?" I laughed for a question of this sort. And, now that it came, all my forces were instantly routed and driven from the field.

"What do you think I did or who I looked, but the senora slowly rose."

"Do not reply to that question—just yet," she said, and she glided out of the room.

What did all this means—this questioning of me? I was puzzled. I thought of what Miss O'Leary—why was the senora interested? What was I to infer from, that? Did not reply to that question just yet? Bah! I repeated to my room and prepared to make my valises. Go on Friday morning; nothing would detain me. The "City of Mexico" was called for on Friday morning, and I was to leave for New Orleans. By leaving I was the nine o'clock train. Friday night I would strike Vera Cruz at two o'clock p. m. Saturday, and go straight on board.

On Friday of the evening you know, call that the padre and Mr. O'Shea were both present. I announced my intention of departing.

To my surprise, and, indeed, I may add astonishment, the senora did not seek to detain me to remain, nor did the padre or Mr. O'Shea. The announcement did not stir them in the least. They took it as a matter of course.

"I could wish have you to remain until, my dear sister, you are married," said the next morning, Joe, coolly observing the senora; "that as your mind is made up I will not try to change it."

"You see, senora," I blundered, "that the hunting, you know, and the magisterial business, you know, and all that sort of thing, is over. I am free. I am free to go where I see fit. I shall never, never forget this, saintliest spot in my memory." I had said this, and the padre and Mr. O'Shea called me to the door and bade me adieu.

O'Shea laughed, and the padre glanced at the senora.

"Then came a chill, and I never felt more mortified in all my life. It was unnecessary."

O'Shea talked of nothing but Joe's leaving me, and after the senora had retired, I reviewed no several startling examples of the senora's conduct. I was an Irishman, and I was of his own opinion. He would occasionally wink in a rather mysterious manner, cough and not and otherwise disported himself in the most unbecoming fashion as to cause me a vague uneasiness.

"There's nothing like an Irish girl after all, Joe. They're full of fun and as good as angels. I don't know of an Irishman that ever got out before all the ladies. They're as modest as a May morning, and true to the core. They have tongues, to be sure, and they're full of them. But they're not. It's their wit as they are for 'ye wiss, and, be ye wiss, and be ye wiss'—they're more disflattering than blood. Yes, Joe, there's nothing like an Irish girl, and an Irish girl you must marry."

"I'll never marry Mr. O'Shea," I stoutly interposed.

Mr. O'Shea's reply was a wink.

"Never! At least—not until I am forty!"

"You're a good fellow, Joe," said the padre, by way of a compliment. "My opinion is that the

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